

Alphas Bride 131

Chapter 131 - The Guests Left

"Miss Talia, can I speak with you?", Axel called from the hallway.

Talia glanced at Caden and Maya who were only two steps away from Talia, pretending not to see anything.

Betas were unusually reserved during lunch and after it, and Talia assumed that they have something else on their minds, probably their next tasks.

Talia didn't think badly about Axel. In Talia's opinion, Axel was the quiet, thinking type, which is unusual for werewolves, but she is an odd one also, so she felt like they have something in common.

"Sure. Is it OK to talk here, or do we need privacy?"

Talia hoped that Axel won't pick privacy because she remembered how Damon would barge in and turn borderline crazy every time Talia talked with an Alpha... or with a guy... or with anyone. Really, now that she thought about it, Damon didn't like when she talked with people.

Should she be worried about it? No. Damon was probably worried about her safety, that's all.

"Here is fine.", Axel said with a smile. "I just wanted to remind you of my offer. If you need anything, anytime, feel free to call me. I hope that in the near future you come and visit the Midnight Guardians pack."

Talia was happy to hear this. Just a few minutes ago, Alpha Maddox and Mindy told her that she can visit the Blue River pack, and now she got another open invitation. She wondered if all Alphas are this welcoming.

While she was in the Red Moon pack, Talia was living under the radar but she saw Alpha and his family acting like they are above everyone else, but since she met Damon, Talia's opinion about Alpha's is changing. Maddox and Axel are nice and easy to get along with and Damon... is Damon. He falls into a separate category that Talia was unable to label at that point.

Kai and Tyler handed their business cards to Talia and Axel encouraged her to take them. "In case I'm not available, you can also reach out to Kai and Tyler. They will do their best to assist you with whatever you need."

Talia accepted the business cards while mentally assigning them number four and number five in the contact list of her phone she is yet to acquire.

"Thank you, Axel. That is very kind of you.", Talia responded. "To be honest, I don't think I deserve such a good treatment."

"Every person deserves to be treated with kindness and respect. That is not a privilege.", Axel said right away, and Talia looked at him in awe. She really liked what he said.

'BEEP! BEEP!'

A loud siren made everyone look at the dark blue SUV from where Maddox and Mindy were waving.

Talia raised her hand and waved back enthusiastically. She didn't realize at what point Damon reached her side to stand between her and Axel, like a human shield.

And with that, Alpha Maddox and Mindy were gone.

"Alpha Damon...", Axel called. "We are grateful for your hospitality, and we hope to see each other again, soon."

"Thank you for coming", Damon returned the pleasantry. "I'm sure we will see each other as soon as the circumstances allow it."

After some more pleasantries and handshakes that involved not just Damon and Axel, but Kai, Tyler, and Talia also, the trio headed to their car, and Damon put his hand on Talia's back, urging her to come with him to escort the guests.

Without thinking, Talia stood by Damon and waved as Axel's car left, and then she turned to see that Caden and Maya were not in sight.

Talia thought how this looked like Damon and she were hosts who escorted their guests.

"What do you plan to do now?", Damon asked.

"I will read the book that Doctor Travis gave me.", Talia responded without missing a beat.

Considering that guests are gone and that they will have leftovers from lunch for dinner (so there was no need to cook), Talia thought how this is the perfect time for her to do what she wanted to do from the moment Travis gave her the book.

Seeing that Damon was just staring at her, Talia thought of returning the question, "What will you do?"

"I have a mountain of paperwork to go through." He really did because of the festival and because he was ditching work in order to spend time with Talia.

"Sounds important."

Damon shrugged. "Reports, plans, bills. For some, I need to decide how to deal with the matter, and some are just waiting for me to read them, and maybe sign."

Talia thought how being an Alpha is not easy. Other than dealing with his personal matters, Damon is responsible for the whole pack, the town, money, security... she couldn't imagine how much work it is, but it is definitely a lot.

Talia only wanted to learn cooking and to read a book, yet she was failing at both. Compared to Damon, she was definitely lacking in accomplishing her goals.

"You are a great Alpha.", Talia voiced her thoughts.

Damon's heart swelled. He really liked that Talia praised him. "I'm doing what needs to be done."

Damon took Talia's hand in his and led the way inside. "Let's start with our tasks so that we can relax in the evening."

Talia lowered her head and stared at their connected hands. Why did it sound like Damon plans to spend his evening with her? She didn't dare to ask for clarification.

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Talia was not sure at what point they reached the third floor. Why was Damon here, still holding her hand? Didn't he say that he has a mountain of paperwork? Talia assumed that he would work from the study. Why did he follow her into her room?

The door closed behind them with a bang and Talia found herself in Damon's embrace.

And there it was... Damon's lips pressed against Talia's with urgency, and the flavor of dark chocolate seeped into her while the scent of the forest was all around her, just how Damon was.

His tongue made its way into her mouth, and Talia held onto Damon's shoulders to steady herself because her legs turned into jelly.

It was all too sudden, and he swallowed her whimper greedily.

Damon was holding back his urges to hold and taste Talia since that morning.

Yes, they spent most of the day together; he held Talia's hand under the table during breakfast and lunch, and he even got to embrace her (from behind) at the training center, but it was not close enough.

He needed to feel her all the time.

The sparks of the bond were soothing Damon's temper but at the same time, he craved for more. More touching, more kissing, more Talia.

Talia felt like floating.

From the moment she kissed him back, her thoughts about reading the book flew away with the flurry of emotions that trashed her insides with every move Damon made.

Only when he lowered her on the bed, she realized that the floating sensation was because Damon carried her.

She didn't notice that Damon kicked Cinna off the bed before he got on top of her.

Damon used his elbow to prop himself up so that he doesn't squish her, without disturbing the frenzy of kisses that consumed them.

Kissing, licking, sucking, nipping... moaning, groaning... it all felt just right, but it was only spurring them further and Damon was close to losing control when the scent of her arousal hit him.

He got lower just a bit, and Talia arched her body upward, eager to feel him more, but the only thing she felt was the bulge that pressed on her upper thigh and her eyes sprang open when she realized what it was.

"Don't worry, kitten...", he murmured into her lips. "I will never do anything against your will."

Talia breathed heavily, struggling to think under the influence of Damon's intoxicating scent that was amplified by his proximity.

Against her will? What does she want? Talia was not sure.

Her body screamed for Damon's proximity, urging her to open up and give him everything she has, while her insecurities whispered that the only thing she will get in return, no matter how much she gives him, is heartbreak.

Damon could feel doubts gathering in her heart.

"Is this too much?", he asked and before she could answer, Damon was talking again, "The whole day I am thinking about you, kitten. You have no idea how happy I am whenever you look at me, touch me, kiss me."

Talia's lips lifted into a smile. She was thinking about him as well.

"What about you?", Damon asked and this time he waited a second before asking his next questions, "Do you like being with me? Do you wish to touch me, to kiss me?"

Talia licked her lips nervously that suddenly turned dry. How can she admit those thoughts? But lying didn't sound good either.

Damon was elated to see Talia nodding in response. It was a shy nod, but it happened. It definitely happened.

"You do?", Damon asked. "You are not saying that only to make me feel better?"

Talia blinked. Is it possible that the scary Alpha is insecure? No way! Damon is powerful and confident and handsome. Why would he be insecure about a nobody like Talia?

But then... here they are, in bed, he asked her a question and is waiting for her to speak up.

Talia swallowed hard as impossible heat crept up her neck and was threatening to melt her cheeks.

Damon chuckled when he saw Talia's bashful expression and then he kissed her again and again. He told himself that every next kiss will be the last one and they will go about their business, but every kiss only left him craving for more and he couldn't stop.

How can he stop when his precious mate is holding him tightly and returning his kisses?

But he made sure to move a bit sideways and not risk her feeling how aroused he was. It was not time for that step. Yet.

After an unknown measure of time, Damon inched away from Talia with difficulty.

"I need to work", he said. "It's so difficult to leave you, kitten. I know it's selfish, but I want us to be together all the time, just the two of us."

Talia was dazed. Her lips were throbbing, and her system was saturated with the flavors of dark chocolate, and Damon was saying some sweet words she had difficulty understanding. Did he say that he wants them to be always together? Just the two of them?

Chapter 132 - Dealing With Trust [Bonus]

After their kissing session in Talia's room, Damon didn't want to part from Talia but he was aware that his work won't sort itself out. Actually, the more he procrastinates, the more work will pile up, and the number of people who are blocked by Damon's lack of action will increase.

He needed to get some work done, but he desperately wanted Talia in his visual range. Is it possible to achieve both?

Every time they were apart, he ended up finding her with some guys sticking to her. That's not happening!

Damon came up with a solution where both he and Talia can do their tasks and be together, and that's how Talia found herself sitting on the sofa in Damon's office with Travis's book in her hands.

She finally got a chance to read the book, but her brain had difficulty accepting medical information when Damon was right there, behind the executive desk, looking all serious and handsome while working. Breathtaking.

Talia would get dazed by his dashing features, and then she would close her eyes and inhale the scent of the forest and the dark chocolate which filled Damon's office, and her mind would conjure images of Damon being really close, his arms around her, his lips on hers... licking, sucking, nibbling... How on Earth was she supposed to read anything in this condition?

She didn't want to study. She wanted to go there, sit on his lap, feel his warmth, and taste his lips again.

Talia let out a shaky breath. They were only hugging and kissing, and she was consumed with indecent thoughts. What will happen if they go beyond kissing?

Talia caught the exact moment when her face flashed with scorching heat.

Why was she thinking about those things? Ah, it's all Damon's fault! He made her lusty!

If he ends up picking up the scent of her arousal, she will die from embarrassment.

Talia shook her head while telling herself to stop it. For someone like her, just sitting in the room with Damon is a big deal. Kisses and hugs were out of this world, and she shouldn't dream that anything beyond those will happen.

Besides, didn't she freeze when she felt his erection pressing on her leg? And they were fully clothed. If their clothes were off, Talia was confident that she would pass out.

Of course, that's only with the assumption that Damon would want to remove his clothes for someone like Talia.

She didn't see herself worthy. There are so many other she-wolves willing to serve him. Plumper, taller, prettier.

Why did he even bother to spend time with her? Are hugs and kisses really enough for a guy like Damon?

Talia remembered the image of princess Marcy between Damon's legs and her mood plummeted. Damon had an ecstatic expression with Marcy being down there.

Could Talia do such a thing for him? Would she want to do it?

Ah! Why did she allow herself to end up in this situation?

Damon could have sent her to the common building with Omegas on the first day she arrived at the Dark Howlers pack, and none of this would happen. She wouldn't know how warm he is, or how comfortable it is to sleep in his embrace, or how his chuckle makes her insides tremble, or how he tastes... and these pesky feelings wouldn't develop.

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Talia looked up and her eyes widened when she realized that Caden was in the study, handing a thick folder to Damon. When did Caden get in?

She was spacing out so badly that even if a bunch of thieves came in, they could steal the sofa with Talia on it, and she wouldn't notice. How careless.

Talia saw that Damon and Caden communicated without a word spoken, and she guessed that they were talking through the mind-link.

After about a minute, Caden gave a small nod to Damon and turned to leave. On his way out of the office, Caden's eyes met Talia's and he showed a stiff smile before stepping out and closing the door behind him.

It was all done silently in a solemn atmosphere, and Talia found that very unusual because Caden is a chatty person and the mood between Damon and Caden is normally livelier.

Talia glanced at Damon only to see him staring at the door with a small frown on his handsome face.

"Is everything OK?", Talia asked.

Damon snapped out of his thoughts and looked at Talia.

"Can I ask you something?"

"Sure.", Talia responded without missing a beat.

Damon stood up in slow motion and moved to sit next to Talia on the sofa. Talia understood that this is important, so she kept her book on the coffee table and gave Damon her full attention.

"Someone close to me betrayed my trust and I'm not sure what's the appropriate punishment."

Talia assumed that Damon was talking about Caden. Why else would Caden be quiet? This also explained the strange atmosphere between Damon and his Betas.

Talia was uneasy at the thought of Damon punishing Caden. Surely, whatever he did, can't be that bad. "I assume that just forgiving him and moving on is not an option?"

"Forgiving is something a kind Luna, like you, would do. Alpha knows that forgiving a perpetrator makes others believe that Alpha is weak, and they will come at him."

Damon's words about Talia being a Luna were lost in Talia's thoughts that he was dramatic. Why was he talking about Caden like he is a criminal? Aren't they childhood friends who went through thick and thin together?

"You said that he betrayed your trust. Does that mean you don't trust him anymore?", she asked.

Talia was not aware that Damon was talking about Maya.

Damon wondered, does he trust Maya? Did he ever trust her?

Damon was really helpless in this situation. On one hand, Damon couldn't let Maya go without punishment, but on the other, anything he thought of was either too mild to be considered a punishment, or either too harsh and he feared that he will offend Caden. Since he couldn't come up with a good solution, he decided to ask Talia.

Talia spoke about Maya as a 'he', so Damon went ahead with it because he didn't want to disclose that this was about Maya and her setting up Talia to meet random guys.

"I don't like to have people close to me if I don't trust them. If someone worked against you, would you forgive him?"

Would she forgive him? "It depends. Things are not just right or wrong. I'm sure that he had his reasons."

Damon frowned. "His reasons are not important. The important part is that he was supposed to work for me, yet if I didn't interfere, things would end up badly. I expect my subordinates to watch my back and to make my life easier. If I need to clean up after them... I don't need them."

"But you need this person, otherwise you wouldn't have this dilemma.", Talia said, and Damon nodded in agreement.

Sure, Maya did a lot of work, and she was useful, but she was not indispensable. What Damon wanted to avoid was losing Caden if he is too harsh on Maya.

Seeing that Damon was quiet, Talia spoke again. "It seems to me you want that person to know he crossed the line, and you also want him to learn a lesson and not do it again."

Damon confirmed. "Correct. Any ideas how I can accomplish that?"

Talia shrugged and shook her head. "Without more context, I can't be of much help. Actually, even if you tell me all the details, I will probably be useless."

Damon made a face. "Why do you look down on yourself? You are not useless. You are very smart. Now tell me, what would you do?"

Talia exhaled helplessly. How can she solve a problem that was presented by a few generalized hints? But Damon was looking at her expectantly, so she wracked her brain for something, anything.

She got an idea. "People won't understand you unless they walk in your shoes. Can you put that person in a similar situation that caused you not to trust him?"

Damon rubbed his chin for a moment, and then his face lit up.

Before Talia could react, Damon extended his arms and pulled her to sit on his lap.

"Kitten, you are brilliant", he murmured while nuzzling her neck with his nose. "And you say that you are not smart. Look at you, providing the perfect solution to my dilemma in a matter of minutes." Damon chuckled and kissed her neck.

Talia's hairs stood on ends. Why was her neck so sensitive?

In the midst of his happiness, Damon got an idea.

An idea so brilliant that it will solve a lot of his problems.

"I need someone smart by my side. Will you be my assistant?"

Talia was sure that her ears malfunctioned. "Your what?"

Damon lifted his head to look at her face. "My assistant."

"But... but...", Talia stuttered.

She really didn't think that she was qualified.

And how can she do anything if she spends her day with Damon? Talia could see herself only daydreaming about his hugs and kisses and there will be no cooking or book reading. What about her training?

And what will she do if he ends up seeing other women? Is he expecting her to stand in the corner and watch him embrace his future Luna?

"What are you thinking about?"

Damon's question pulled Talia out of her thoughts.

There was no way she will admit to anything. But she had to say something.

"Didn't you say that you need people you trust?"

Damon smiled. "I trust you."

Talia blinked. "You do?"

With my life. With my everything. "I do."

Chapter 133 - Maya's Punishment [Bonus]

Seeing that Talia was hesitating in accepting to be his assistant, Damon decided to give her an additional push in the right direction.

"When you arrived here, you were asking for a job, and here is one. You helped me the other day sort the mail, so I know that your organizational skills are top-notch. And you are smart. For everything else, I will guide you, and you will learn, step by step."

What Damon didn't say was that this will also allow Talia to get insights into the pack, meet with pack members and other important people, and prepare her for the role of his Luna. And he got the perfect excuse to keep her by his side all the time. No guy will dare to stick close to Talia anymore because Damon will always be watching. Always!

Talia stared at him, unsure how to respond to the unexpected praise. He said that her organizational skills are top-notch and that she is smart. No one ever complimented her like that.

Damon inched closer and she could feel his breath fanning her face. Dark chocolate. Delicious.

Talia's lips parted on their own, eagerly waiting for a kiss that didn't come. She realized that he will not kiss her until she answers him.

What if she kisses him first? No, no. That would be too bold.

Damon's intoxicating scent made her dizzy, and his firm arms around her felt good and her eyes darted from Damon's icy-blue orbs that smiled at her to his lips that were about to kiss her. Almost.

"I want you to be my assistant. Say yes, kitten."

Talia caved in under the sensory overload that silenced all the warning bells sounding in her head.

"Yes.", Talia breathed, and then she welcomed his lips that crashed on hers with urgency.

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For the rest of the afternoon, Damon was working from behind his desk, and Talia was reading the book that Doctor Travis gave her. She would take notes on things she didn't understand, to check them online, or ask Travis for additional explanation.

Damon was happy that he came up with a solution on how to deal with Maya. It was thanks to Talia's suggestion. It was simple, yet he didn't see it which only proved that he was missing his other half.

He knew that Talia will be an amazing Luna.

Damon could feel Talia's emotions and he knew that she is falling for him more by the day.

Can she feel the bond? Damon was not sure.

He was also aware that occasionally her heart tightens, and he assumed that it's due to her insecurities.

If he found Talia earlier, those people in the Red Moon pack wouldn't have had so much time to crush her confidence. If she is not so broken, he would be enjoying lovey-dovey time with his mate instead of waiting for her to heal while ignoring his instincts to claim her in every way possible.

Even his wolf was unusually silent, and Damon knew that the old guy took a step back because his desire for a mate was only making Damon crazier.

"It's almost time for dinner.", he said, and Talia turned to look his way. "How about we go to a restaurant?"

"Restaurant? Tonight?", Talia asked.

Damon confirmed. "Starting tomorrow morning, you are officially my assistant. We should celebrate."

"How about we celebrate here?"

Damon frowned. An evening in the packhouse? He wanted to take Talia out and do some romancing.

Talia saw that Damon was about to object, so she explained, "We have a fridge full of leftovers, and if we eat out, it will go bad. We shouldn't waste food." Her face lit up as she got an idea. "To make it special, we can eat in the living room and watch a movie. Maybe Caden, Maya, and Stephanie can join."

Damon's mood plummeted further. What kind of romancing will that be if there are three other people?

But Talia looked at him expectantly and he couldn't say 'no' to her. "OK. I will ask if they want to join us..."

Stephanie was not interested in eating in the living room. "That would mean that I either eat from a tray, bend from a sofa over a coffee table, or sit on the floor. You kids enjoy. I will eat in the kitchen. But I will help you warm up the leftovers..."

Caden and Maya joined, and all four of them sat on the floor, around the long coffee table.

Talia and Maya picked a movie. It was an action-comedy.

Talia was excited. It was her first time to have a meal in such a cozy atmosphere. Lights were dimmed, the movie was playing on the big TV screen, she had a full plate of yummy food, and Damon was next to her.

Talia's and Damon's legs were touching, and they held hands under the table, and he would feed her occasionally. Talia wanted to lean on Damon and maybe feed him in return, but with Caden and Maya present, she didn't dare. Also, she didn't know if Damon would like that so she sat a bit stiffly.

Caden and Maya didn't talk, but everyone was focused on food and movie, so they didn't stand out.

In a blink of an eye, the movie was done, and all plates were empty.

"It's still early. Should we watch another movie?", Talia asked while looking around expectantly.

Of course, Damon agreed. "Sure. Pick one."

Caden and Maya said that they will go to sleep early, and Damon stopped them with, "Caden, be ready tomorrow to head to the Blue River pack. They will expect you at lunchtime. I will give you the details in the morning. Plan to be absent for about one week."

Caden paused. "What work we have with Alpha Maddox to last a week?"

"Maddox shouldn't keep you busy more than a day or two.", Damon responded. "After that, you will go to Los Angeles to check on our shipment from Russia. The container is stuck in customs for more than a week. And after that, you will head to the Fantomcrest pack to do knowledge transfer on how we are storing supplies for the winter."

Caden knew that all these were genuine things that needed to be done in person. He glanced at Maya and then turned to Damon. "Will you be OK for a week without us?"

Damon smirked. He was waiting for this.

"Without YOU, Caden. Maya is staying to help pack members deal with the drought and excess heat, and we are expecting two families of refugees to arrive in the next few days. As for me, Talia will start working as my assistant from tomorrow."

Damon observed Caden and Maya who were both reluctant to accept. One week of separation is like seven eternities. At the same time, they didn't dare to reject. As Betas, it was their duty to help Damon take care of the pack and its needs.

"If there is a problem, I want to hear about it.", Damon said.

"No, Alpha. There is no problem.", Maya responded and forced a smile while glancing at Talia and Damon. "We will see you in the morning."

With that, Caden and Maya left.

Talia noticed the awkward mood, but she didn't want to ask about it. This was between Damon and his Betas, and the last time she poked her nose in there, Damon ended up asking some half-baked questions related to trust.

Damon wondered, at what point will Maya and Caden realize that he is sending Caden away as Maya's punishment?

Maya took actions that could separate Damon from his mate (aka Talia), and per Talia's suggestion, Maya will experience firsthand how that feels.

Caden will be busy traveling and handling things that are assigned to him, while Maya will be alone here, missing him.

By sending Caden away, Damon is not doing anything to Maya, but she will be apart from her mate, wondering where he is, and with whom. Sure, Caden won't cheat on Maya, but werewolves are jealous and possessive, and after a few nights apart, it will be inevitable for Maya to start imagining things that are not happening.

That should teach Maya a lesson she will remember for a long time.

Damon also didn't forget that Maya is yet to apologize.

Maya is prideful and stubborn, but as a Beta, she needs to learn her place.

It's an elegant solution where Maya gets to feel the burn of the punishment without Damon doing anything, and he came up with this idea thanks to Talia.

"Hey...", Damon called to get Talia's attention. "Since it's just the two of us, how about we take this movie-watching upstairs?"

Talia paused. Isn't it upstairs just the two of them? But then she realized that with Stephanie, Caden, and Maya retiring for the night, and no Omegas in the packhouse at this hour, it was just the two of them on the main floor also, so she agreed.

"Sure. But I want to clean up this mess first." She gestured toward the table that had empty plates, utensils, and glasses.

Damon had no intention of letting Talia do all the work. Together, they tidied up the place and took dirty dishes to the kitchen.

While there, Damon noticed chocolate cake in the fridge, and he asked Talia, "Dessert?"

Talia stifled a laugh while thinking how chocolate is offering her chocolate cake. Isn't that a double-chocolate?

"What's funny?" He really wanted to know.

Talia shook her head, refusing to answer. "I would love some cake..."

Chapter 134 - Movie Night

In Damon's bedroom...

Talia looked around. "Where is the TV?"

Damon kept the plate with chocolate cake on the low table and walked to the wooden panels that are covering the wall next to the fireplace. With one slight push, the panels moved to the side smoothly, revealing a massive flat TV.

Talia's mouth formed a big 'O'. She didn't know there is such a hidden thing in the wall.

"Is there one of those in my room?", Talia asked and immediately regretted her blunder. The walls in her room are not covered in wooden panels, so it should be obvious that there is no hidden TV either.

Damon chuckled while giving her the remote. "Kitten, when are you going to stop with mine and yours? Aren't you sleeping here? This is our room."

Talia stared at him, and her limp hand nearly dropped the remote.

She thought that he might say how all this is his and she only gets to use it temporarily, but then he said the word 'ours'. That means, his AND hers.

A moment later, she chided herself. Why is she getting so easily flustered when he was just teasing her?

But she wanted to point out the flaw in his joke. "How can this be OUR room when my clothes and toiletries are across the hallway?"

Damon's lips stretched into a wicked smile. "Alright. We will move your things here."

Talia opened her mouth to protest, but then she closed it. There was no point in arguing with the Devil. He was just teasing her anyway. Right? RIGHT!?

Damon dimmed the lights and went to fetch drinks from the minibar while Talia picked a movie.

Now that it was only the two of them, Damon sat on the sofa and opened his arms, silently inviting Talia into a hug, and she gingerly snuggled next to him while flipping through movie options. There were so many, and she didn't know which one to watch first.

"Do you have a movie you want to watch?", Talia asked Damon.

Damon refused to help. "We will go with whatever you want."

He didn't plan on watching the movie anyway. He was absolutely content with just sitting next to Talia, holding her, and inhaling her scent.

Damon wanted to hug Talia during the first movie also, but he noticed that Talia was stiff, and he guessed that she wouldn't be comfortable with the display of affection in front of Caden and Maya, so he didn't do more than hold her hand under the table.

Unsure which movie to pick, Talia assumed that Damon likes explosions and fights, so she went with one action movie from the 'most popular' category.

As soon as the movie started, Damon reached for the plate with the chocolate cake, and he gave Talia the fork. There was only one.

Seeing that Damon didn't let go of the plate and he didn't show any interest in the fork, Talia understood that it's her job to feed him.

Talia poked a piece of cake and offered it to Damon with a question, "What will I need to do as your assistant?"

"Whatever is needed to assist me.", he responded and took the bite of cake that Talia gave him.

Talia didn't like this 'whatever' description. Now that her head cooled off, Talia realized that she accepted the job without clarifying requirements. But at that time Damon was close and seductive and she would do anything for a kiss, even accept a job rashly.

Really, she didn't even ask about the work hours and salary. Stupid.

Damon's kisses are toe-curling, but no one can put kisses in a bank account.

And what will happen when he finds his Luna? She will lose kisses as well. Forget about finding his Luna, with Damon's reputation, he doesn't need to move a finger because she-wolves are coming at him as long as he stops frowning their way.

Talia's mood plummeted deeper. Will her job be to chase away horny she-wolves, or maybe to organize them alphabetically? What if Damon wants them based on their chest size?

She felt like crying.

Is it too late to reject the job, or at least renegotiate conditions?

Damon could sense Talia's fluctuating emotions. Now what?

Seeing that Talia was not moving, Damon took the fork and poked a piece of cake for her.

"Kitten...", Damon called. "You are overthinking something."

Talia looked at him and blinked. "What?"

He glanced at the piece of cake that was hovering an inch away from her lips.

"There is this cake, a movie, and the two of us. I hope that we can keep it like that. At least for this evening."

Talia liked that, but she wished that it lasts longer than one evening. However, she knew that she shouldn't be too greedy. Many girls would kill to get this one-on-one, cake-feeding, movie-watching session with Damon.

Yes. This should be enough.

She opened her mouth and accepted the cake.

It was moist and sweet and chocolatey. Almost as delicious as Damon.

"How is it?"

Talia knew that Damon was asking about the cake.

"Tasty.", she responded. "Do you like it?"

Damon put a piece of cake in his mouth and made a thoughtful expression. "It's OK."

There was nothing wrong with the cake, but there was another flavor that he wanted more than anything. It was sweet and citrusy and extremely addictive, and right there, next to him.

Damon kept the plate on the side and touched Talia's chin, making her look at him and he observed her lips.

"You have something there...", he lied.

Talia assumed that it's a piece of cake and she raised her hand to wipe her mouth, but Damon grabbed her wrist and inched closer.

"Let me take care of it." He licked the corner of her lips once, twice, and then he kissed her.

Talia responded to his kisses like she was starving for them. And she was.

She loved and hated how she can't resist this unreasonable attraction that came with an impending sense of doom. Everything about their current situation was wrong, yet the moment Damon touched her, Talia couldn't think of a single reason why she should stay away from him.

Chocolate. Delicious dark chocolate everywhere.

Her mind was stuttering, and she lost a few seconds here and there.

Damon pushing her backward on the sofa with his body... Damon on top of her... Damon's low groan that came at the same moment when she felt his hand sneaking under her t-shirt... Damon's touch so hot that she was sure it will leave blistering marks on her skin... Damon's breath slipping into her ear... Her shaky moan when Damon sucked on her neck... Damon around her... Damon above her... Damon... Damon... and the dark chocolate.

Damon thought that he is going to lose his mind. He never wanted a girl more than he wanted Talia.

This was not about conquering a woman. His instincts told him that she was his from the beginning of time, and that being away from her was wrong. Their every kiss and every touch confirmed that they are made for each other and that she is his, completely his, just how he is hers.

He kissed and licked her neck, occasionally sucking and nipping at it and he felt his fangs elongating, ready to sink into her flesh and mark her as his.

Damon groaned in frustration. He can't mark her.

Not without her consent.

Not without Talia knowing they are mates.

Not without her wolf being present.

He had no idea how his venom would affect her wolf. What if it makes it worse?

Alpha's mark is different from the mark of a regular werewolf. It will inject his Alpha DNA into her system, and there is no way to predict how Talia will react. She was so fragile. What if her body can't take it?

Damon would rather maintain this status than risk hurting her.

His hand was under her top, roaming over her side, caressing and squeezing, occasionally grazing the edge of her bra and he was delighted that Talia showed no resistance. Can he move that pesky fabric out of the way and feel her breasts? He would love to play with her nipples. Just the thought of having them in his mouth, sucking, licking, and nibbling, made him erupt in a throaty moan.

The scent of Talia's arousal filled the room, and without thinking, Damon lowered himself between her legs.

The moment his hard cock pressed at the cradle of her thighs, he froze. What if Talia freaks out again?

But a second later, Talia's hips moved, and she let out the most seductive sigh ever while grinding on him and gripping his back. When did her dainty hands get under his shirt?

Damon's mind exploded when he realized that Talia was responding to him wonderfully.

Goddess! She is perfect.

Damon dove to claim Talia's lips with renewed vigor. This time, he didn't hesitate to move against Talia, applying rhythmic pressure with his cock and enjoying every sigh and moan that escaped her gorgeous lips.

The exhilarating sparks prickled him through their clothes, and he couldn't believe how good it felt.

If just dry-humping is making him nearly come, what will happen when they do the real thing?

He should show her never-ending pleasures, and if he comes within a minute, that will be a stain to his manliness.

But who cares if he comes quickly? He will just keep going at it. Again and again, until they are both sated.

That will be a lot of condoms. Does he even need condoms?

For the first time in his life, Damon wanted to impregnate a woman.

He wanted to fill Talia with his seed repeatedly, until morning, and then to watch her belly grow as a result of his hard work.

Whoever glances at pregnant Talia, Damon will proudly point at her adorable protruding tummy and yell, "I did that!"

And once she delivers his baby, he will do it again.

Chapter 135 - Mine

Damon reminded himself that this is not the right time to get lost in daydreaming and selfish desires. Talia was absolutely inexperienced, and he needed to introduce her gradually to pleasures of the flesh or risk freaking her out.

His hips moved in one harsh thrust and Talia gasped.

"Do you like this, kitten?", Damon murmured close to her ear and then he thrust again.

Talia nodded choppily. Her eyes were firmly closed, and she held onto Damon's back like she was holding onto her dear life because the whole room was spinning.

Damon lifted his head to look at her flushed face and demanded, "Say it. I need to hear you say it. Do you like this?"

"Yes...", she responded breathily, and he chuckled lowly in response. It was a sexy and dangerous sound that pulled Talia into reality.

Talia blinked to focus on Damon's face hovering only a few inches above hers. His delicious lips were slightly parted and lifted into a traffic-stopping smile, and his icy-blue eyes were intense and burning with unknown flames, and strands of his raven black hair were falling over his forehead, giving him another dose of lusty attractiveness.

Everything about him screamed sin.

Damon kissed her deeply, movements of his tongue matched the rhythm of his hips, and Talia was thrown back in the haze of blossoming desires that were unknown to her so far.

"I want to make you feel good, kitten. Can I?"

Talia's mind was floating, and she barely understood his words. He wanted to make her feel good? Better than this? Is there better than this? "Yes."

Damon moved to lay next to Talia, propping himself on the elbow, on her right side.

Talia frowned at the loss of his proximity. She really wanted him back there, on top of her, between her legs.

Damon gave her knee a little squeeze, and she stared at his icy-blue eyes that bore into her soul.

"Do you trust me, kitten?"

Talia nodded without delay.

Damon smiled and his hand started gliding higher, up her thigh.

Talia bit her lip in anticipation of what's coming, and her eyes widened when she realized that his destination are buttons of her pants.

Her heart thundered against her chest, and she didn't dare to move.

"Relax, kitten...", Damon spoke against her lips and then he closed the distance, giving her a slow deep kiss that made her mind spin.

Damon unbuttoned her pants, but he had no intention to remove them.

His hand moved to the side, to fondle her hip, waist, and continued higher, over her t-shirt, barely grazing the side of her breast, and then he caressed her neck and cheek before going back down the same way. It was just a touch, over the clothes, yet his low hums made it all so erotic.

She gasped into the kiss when his hot palm glided over her bare waist, and she had no idea at what point he undid the buckles of her bra.

Little by little, Damon pushed the pesky fabric up, together with her t-shirt.

Damon broke the kiss and took a moment to admire her exposed breasts. They were firm and just the right size to fill his palm.

He noticed that Talia's eyes were back to closed and her face was beet red.

"Open your eyes, kitten. There is no need for you to feel embarrassed. It's just the two of us. And you are beautiful."

Talia opened her eyes in time to see him lowering his head and taking her nipple in his mouth. The unknown electric sensation charged her body, and she fisted his hair, unsure if she wants to yank his head away or to pull him closer.

Damon's groan sent a wave of vibrations through her body that somehow all converged at her core.

He sucked and licked and sometimes she could feel his teeth on her, while his free hand kneaded her other breast, pinching and twisting lightly and Talia arched her body, wanting more even though she was not sure what that more was.

Damon's lips moved to her left breast, to give her other nipple equal attention, and his now free hand moved down her abdomen.

Talia let out a whimper when his hand slipped inside her panties, skillfully finding the right spot between her drenched folds.

A growl ripped from Damon's chest.

"Fuck! You are so wet!", he squeezed through his teeth.

He really wanted to tear her clothes and bury himself deep inside her and never come out. Actually, he wanted to get in and out rapidly and to enjoy the visual of Talia bouncing under him.

Her pants somewhat obstructed the movements of his hand, but he was unwilling to stop his ministrations in order to remove them, so he worked with what he had.

Talia squirmed as Damon's fingers caressed, teased, flicked, and she gripped his shoulders to steady herself because the whole world dissolved except for the two of them and Talia feared that he might disappear as well.

The room was filled with foreign scandalous noise, but Talia was too dazed to worry about appearances.

Damon focused mightily on what he was doing, pulling himself back whenever his urges to devour Talia threatened to overtake his reasoning. He was painfully hard and throbbing and as Talia squirmed, she would rub her hip on his cock, and it was getting increasingly difficult not to jump on her.

Damon kissed her neck, on the left side, right where his mark will come. Soon.

Her every sweet sound was driving him crazy, and he could feel her breathing becoming choppy. She was almost there. Almost.

His middle finger slipped lower and ventured inside her tight entrance.

Damon cursed under his breath. She was hot and wet, and he couldn't wait for that sweet pussy to clutch his cock and milk him until he has nothing left to offer.

The base of his palm massaged her clit while his finger thrust inside her repeatedly, touching some unknown spots that set her body ablaze, and he murmured breathily close to her ear, "That's it, kitten... Relax... You are wonderful... Welcome it... Let it wash over you..."

His deep voice was the final straw that she needed to plunge off the edge.

Her body tensed for a moment and then she cried to the heavens as she fell apart right there, in his hand, on the sofa.

Damon groaned as her insides pulsed around his finger.

Damn it! He really wanted to put his cock in there. All the way.

He also wanted to lick all the love nectar her tight pussy released and to make her scream his name a few more times, but he decided to hold off with that. Next time.

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Talia was coming down from her high and she saw Damon sucking his fingers clean with smacking sounds and gusto like they were drenched in honey.

She quickly lowered her head, unsure where to look, and then she clumsily pulled her t-shirt lower, to cover herself.

Seeing that she was embarrassed, Damon wrapped his arms around her and kissed the top of her head. "You were fantastic. Was it good for you?"

Talia nodded shyly. She can't deny that it was amazing, but at the same time, it was outrageous. How will she be able to look at Damon again? He touched her down there and she released funny sounds. Ah! Who knows what were her expressions?

With his index finger, Damon nudged her chin, making her lift her head so that he can see her face.

Damon kissed her cheeks. The left one, the right one, and then he pecked her lips.

"You are beautiful, Talia."

Talia's heart skipped a beat. She thought that he might make fun of her, but instead, he complimented her. She liked that. She liked it a lot.

Damon observed Talia's face. No matter how he looked at it, it was flawless; enhanced by a slight blush and afterglow from her orgasm, and he thought that if anyone other than him sees that expression, he will gauge those sinful eyes out.

"You are mine, Talia.", Damon said seriously. "Only I get to touch you, kiss you, hold you. Do you understand?"

Talia blinked. Why was he so possessive? Should she be happy about that?

It's not like she wanted to get close to any other guy, but why was Damon claiming her as his while he gets to do whatever he wants? "What about you?"

Damon frowned in confusion. "What about me?"

"You said that I'm yours. What about you?", Talia clarified.

Damon closed his eyes and let out a long exhale. Why can't she just accept her fate, like any normal she-wolf? Doesn't she know that this was the first time for Damon to claim a woman as his?

With his right hand, Damon cupped her left cheek and looked into her honeyed eyes deeply.

"Since I became Alpha of the Dark Howlers pack, no other woman got to stay on this floor, sleep in my bed, call herself Mrs. Blake, or negotiate with me. I am all yours, kitten, from the moment you arrived at this packhouse." Actually, before that, but he didn't want to go into details.

For Talia, it all sounded too fantastic to be true. "You are lying."

Damon couldn't believe this. "Another thing, kitten. I never lied to you. If you don't believe me, feel free to ask around." He kept some things for himself, but whatever he said, it was the truth.

Seeing that her eyes widened as one doubt was fighting with another, Damon smiled. He was making progress.

"You believing me or not won't change the reality, kitten. I am yours. Yours to touch, to kiss, and to hold. Whenever you feel like it, come and get it. And if I see any guy getting funny ideas about you or even looking at you in the wrong way, the only thing he will be seeing is my fist. You are mine, Talia Blake. Don't forget that."

His last few words were a growl and for some unknown reason, even though it collided with everything she knew so far, Talia believed him.

Damon claimed her as his, and he said that he is hers.

Talia smiled a little and relaxed against him.

She took a deep breath that filled her system with Damon's scent of the forest and the dark chocolate, and she relished the sensation of safety and belonging.

An unspoken intimacy formed between them with every stroke of his fingers through her hair, and every gentle kiss that he arranged on her face, and there wasn't a place she would rather be than right there, in his warm embrace.

Chapter 136 - First Day At Work [Bonus]

Talia stirred from sleep and refused to open her eyes because she didn't want to end a marvelous dream.

In that dream, Damon carried her to his bed, and then he held her, and they kissed, and then they got ready for the night with Damon giving her his t-shirt to sleep in. She went to change clothes in the bathroom, and she noticed a minor problem: her panties were wet from arousal.

"I need to get another pair...", Talia said bashfully while tugging the hem of Damon's t-shirt lower to cover herself up as much as possible.

Even in her dream, she knew that her panties were drenched because Damon touched her down there. Did that really happen, or was it part of the dream?

But Damon had no intention of letting her leave his room. "Just remove them."

"I can't sleep like that.", Talia protested. Yes, it's a dream, but she can't go to bed butt naked!

"Why not? I would give you mine, but as you know, I don't wear those.", he said with a grin, and she remembered the scare he gave her in the hotel room when he wanted to remove his pants and demonstrate.

"Don't tell me you are shy, kitten. I was already down there...", he said while licking his lips.

Did he drool a little?

Damon pulled Talia down on the bed and he chuckled while crawling above her. He was wearing only sweatpants and it was difficult not to stare at his toned torso. And his scent... intoxicating!

"Why are you so eager to cover up, kitten? Is there something else you are hiding in those panties? I'm curious..."

He moved lower and pulled her panties down and Talia hated that her butt went up, making it easier for Damon to undress her. Why was her body acting on its own?

Damon put the tiny fabric under his nose, shamelessly inhaling deeply with a grin on his handsome face.

"I'm keeping these, kitten."

With her naked under Damon's t-shirt, Talia thought that he will do something outrageous, but he didn't.

Damon laid next to her and cradled her in his arms, and then he kissed her and caressed her hair, and it was the best thing ever.

Who would want to wake up from such a dream?

But no matter how much she tried to avoid it, she was awake.

Talia's eyes fluttered open, and she inhaled the intoxicating scent of the forest and the dark chocolate that was all around her.

She was in Damon's bed.

Talia's breath hitched when she realized that she was wearing only Damon's t-shirt. She was panty-less.

Is it possible that was not a dream?

She swallowed a mouthful of air as more detailed images flashed in her mind.

Last night, they came up to watch a movie, but there was no movie-watching because they were kissing, and she remembered him unbuttoning her pants, and... Oh, God! That was NOT a dream!

But, where is Damon?

She touched the bedsheets on her right, where Damon should be sleeping, and they were cold. He was gone for some time.

She lifted her head and spotted a note on his pillow.

"I had to start my day early.

When you are ready for work, join me in the study.

~ Damon"

Talia remembered that this is her first day as Damon's assistant.

Oh, no! She is late for work!

Talia swiftly scooted out of the bed and headed to the bathroom to freshen up.

Her steps halted when she saw attached to the door of the bathroom a hanger with a light blue pencil skirt and a blazer, and there was a white shirt and blue underwear also.

She recognized clothes, they were from her closet, and she bought all of that when Damon took her shopping.

A note was attached to the left breast pocket of the blazer: "I look forward to seeing you in this".

It was not signed, but Talia knew it was from Damon. She smiled when she saw blue shoes on the floor. He thought of everything. And it's matching.

She hurried to get ready.

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Talia entered the study and saw that Damon was talking to Maya and Caden.

They were seated on chairs around the coffee table that was full of scattered documents.

Talia didn't want to interrupt, so she stood on the side and waited for them to acknowledge her presence.

Damon was neat in dark gray pants and a light gray shirt that fit him perfectly. Talia confirmed that he looks good in anything.

He didn't wear a necktie, and the unfastened top button of his shirt gave him a less official vibe.

The tight swell of the shirt over Damon's chest reminded Talia of the perfect landscape his body forms and she could feel her cheeks heating. Last night was not a dream!

Damon's eyes moved over Talia in approval. She was wearing the outfit he prepared for her, and her hair was pulled up into a messy bun. Talia wanted to style it, but her knowledge of hairstyling was

limited to a ponytail, a braid, and a messy bun. Since the first two seemed childish, and this is her first day at work, Talia opted for the bun.

After exchanging morning greetings, Damon beckoned Talia to come closer.

"We are nearly done with this. Until then...", he gave her a laptop. "This one is yours. The password is the date you came here. You can sit at my desk. Go through my email and sort it based on urgency. If there is anything important, I want to check it before breakfast."

Normally, Damon starts his workday super-early with a cup of coffee, and he has breakfast later. Since Talia arrived at the Dark Howlers pack, Damon was starting his work later (if he worked at all), and the piled-up work showed it.

Talia accepted the laptop apprehensively. "How do I know which ones are urgent?"

"You will know. I trust your judgment." He ended with a wink.

Talia liked that he said he trusts her, but at the same time, it was a lot of responsibility.

She wondered if she will be able to do a good job. What if she messes up?

Which one will be worse? If she gives him something non-important as urgent and he wastes time, or if he doesn't see a serious issue in time because of her ignorance?

"You will do fine."

Damon's words pulled Talia out of her thoughts, and she wondered, how did he know she was doubting herself?

Talia was surprised to see that the laptop was set up to sync Damon's emails, and there was an account created for her also.

Talia perked up. With her personal email address, she can contact Axel, Mindy, Maddox, and also Axel's Beta and Gamma, Kai and Tyler. Those five people gave her their contact information, yet she had nothing to give in return. Now is different.

Talia's mood dropped when she saw that Damon's email alias is DamonBlake, while the one she got is TaliaBlake.

How on Earth is she supposed to contact anyone with this email?

It's one thing when Damon calls her Mrs. Blake in private, but this is ridiculous!

Talia felt like crying. Why would he give her an email that she can't use?

She swallowed her grievances and told herself to focus on the task Damon gave her. Later, she can ask him to change this email nonsense.

Talia noticed that she can mark every email with flags. She would put red flags on the urgent ones, orange flags on the ones that are so-so, and green and blue on the ones that are just information sharing related to the Dark Howlers pack or outsiders.

"What's your progress?", Talia jumped when Damon's voice sounded close to her ear.

When did he get there? And why was he so close?

"Almost done.", she said while looking sheepishly in the direction where Maya and Caden were.

"Does anything stand out?", he asked.

Talia told herself not to overthink it. He is so close so that he can read from her screen. That's all.

"There are these few marked in red, I think are important... and this one requires your response by end of the day...", she said while opening the last email for him to see.

Damon cocked an eyebrow while reading, "Future Alpha of the Lightclaw pack is having a party to introduce his Luna."

Damon's words got Maya's and Caden's attention.

"Anthony's Luna?", Maya asked. "Is it...?" Her words trailed when she saw Damon shaking his head.

"It says that her name is Kalina.", Damon said. "I'm sure that Stephanie will know more about it."

Maya and Caden exchanged concerned glances.

Stephanie didn't talk much about her daughter's love life, but they all know that Lisa is (or is it better to say, Lisa WAS) dating Anthony for several years. If he is announcing someone else as his Luna, that girl is probably his fated mate, and he broke up with Lisa.

"When is the party?", Caden asked.

"In two days.", Talia responded.

Caden looked at Damon questionably. "Are you going? Should I postpone my traveling plans?"

"We are on good terms with Lightclaws and it would be rude not to go. But there is no need for you to postpone your schedule. This is not business, it's just a party. We will go on the day of the party and return one day later."

Caden glanced at Maya. If Damon rejected Caden, and spoke as 'we', then... "Will you take Maya with you?"

"No. Maya has a lot of work here.", Damon said and looked at the oblivious girl next to him.

"I will go with Talia."

Chapter 137 - First Day At Work (cont.)

Talia's smile stiffened, making it crooked like it was drawn by a toddler.

Did Damon say that he will take her with him to another pack? To an official party?

There will be other Alphas and important people! How can she go? She has no idea what to wear or how to apply makeup or how to behave, she will only embarrass herself and Damon.

What about she-wolves who will want to throw themselves at Damon? Is he expecting Talia to fend them off or to stand on the side and watch as Damon gets lovey-dovey with some other woman?

Or maybe... "You want me to go as your assistant?"

Damon cocked an eyebrow at her. "You are going as my date."

Talia's eyes widened to the point of forming perfect circles.

"What if someone from the Red Moon pack is there? What if they recognize me?"

Damon shrugged, indicating that it's not a big deal. "We will go with the story that you grew up with your grandparents before joining the Dark Howlers pack. Even if someone recognizes you, no one will dare to touch you."

Caden had his concerns, and he blurted out, "Are you sure that's wise?"

Damon shot him a glare. "There is no reason for Talia to hide. She is coming with me."

Talia had mixed feelings about this. She liked the idea that she doesn't need to hide, but at the same time, appearing in public with Damon will attract a lot of unwanted attention.

But... would she want to be with anyone else in public?

The unstable Alpha smells of the forest and the dark chocolate, and even though he makes her all jittery inside, it's undeniable that with him she feels safe.

Talia decided not to overthink it. It's not like she can influence this anyway. If Damon says that she will go with him, she will go with him. Period.

Damon is an Alpha and she can't refuse him.

More than just an Alpha, he is the man who took her out of that dingy attic and gave her a new home, and thanks to him she experienced many wonderful things like a nice room, a soft bed, a full belly, a festival, a hug, a kiss, and she was painfully aware that she couldn't say 'no' to Damon, even if she wanted because she fell for him like an idiot.

If Damon went to that event without Talia, she would miss him and wonder if any woman seduced him. She wouldn't believe it for a moment that he would sleep alone. On the other hand, if Damon took anyone else, her heart would ache so... this is for the best.

With those thoughts, Talia focused on sorting the rest of Damon's email.

Damon didn't want to separate from Talia, and his first thought was to reject the invitation. However, this could be a good opportunity to introduce Talia to the circle without much pressure. If he announces that she is his future Luna, everyone will scrutinize her. Like this, Talia will get a chance to attend the event lowkey.

Caden pressed his lips into a line. He knew that he was crossing the line, but with Alpha Richard asking around about Talia and Damon being seen with Talia at the festival, and now this party... 'Did you forget that others are looking for Talia?', Caden asked through the mind-link. 'Aren't you inviting trouble?'

'Is it unusual for an Alpha to have a girl by his side?', Damon responded with a question. 'I had so many women around me and they are all alive and doing well. By hiding Talia, it will only be more suspicious. Besides, if I can't protect her, no one can.'

'You will go openly with Talia? Will you announce that she is your mate?', Caden asked.

'In due time. I want to find the right timing to tell her first. Until then, as long as I don't reveal that Talia is my mate, she won't be targeted.'

Damon knew that the clock is ticking, but he wanted to make sure Talia trusts him.

Part of Damon regretted not telling Talia they are mates at the moment they saw each other. OK, maybe not during their first encounter (because of the situation where Marcy was sucking him off), but the second time in the kitchen, or maybe when he found her in the attic would be a good opportunity to tell her something like, "Girl, you are my mate, and you are coming home with me".

Unfortunately, at that time, Damon was not ready to accept the bond and he missed that chance.

Since that boat sailed away, now it won't matter if he tells Talia in one day or a week, because other than worrying if she will freak out due to the information that she is the rightful Luna of the Dark Howlers pack, there is also a concern that she will blame him for concealing that fact from her.

Damon was confident that his best option is to make Talia fall for him completely and to trust him enough to not run away, and then he will tell her everything.

Ah, only if Talia's wolf is present, Talia would know they are mates and feel the bond and Damon wouldn't need to worry about any of this.

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Maya and Caden went to finish packing because Caden was due to depart on his weeklong assignment shortly after breakfast, leaving Damon and Talia in the study.

"AHHH!", Talia screamed when Damon suddenly scooped her from the chair she was sitting on. She was almost done with sorting the emails.

Damon sat on the chair and placed Talia on his lap.

It's an extra-wide executive chair, and so spacious that they could sit side-by-side.

"What are you...", her voice trailed away when she saw his mischievous smirk directed her way.

"You are not fulfilling your duties, Mrs. Blake."

"Which ones?", Talia asked helplessly.

"I didn't get my morning kisses."

"What morning kisses?", Talia mumbled. "I woke up, and you were gone."

"Did you miss me, kitten?"

Did she miss him? Of course, she did. Will she tell him that? Absolutely not.

But Talia couldn't lie either, so she lowered her head to avoid his inquisitive gaze.

Thanks to the mate bond, Damon was able to read her like an open book. He could feel her emotions and he knew that she missed him and that she was embarrassed to open up.

"It will not happen again.", he said.

Talia didn't get it. "What?"

"There was work I needed to settle early while Caden is still here, and I didn't want to wake you. Going forward, I will not leave the bed without you." Damon inched closer and spoke in a low voice. "Like that, you can give me my morning kisses in bed, without your panties."

Talia inhaled a shaky breath. Here it is. It's the shameless Damon that made butterflies go crazy in her stomach.

He was cheeky and handsome, and he smelled nice and tasted even better, and Talia was confident how that combination must be illegal in some countries.

Talia swallowed hard. "What makes you think that I will sleep without my panties?"

Damon cocked an eyebrow at her and smiled smugly.

If she thought that he will allow her to snuggle with him in bed, with her private parts covered, after last night, she is gravely mistaken.

Damon's resolve to move slowly was cracking anyway, and he was absolutely unwilling to move backward. Any progress they made, won't be nullified.

His hand landed at the back of her head, pulling her closer to close those last few inches of space between them.

Damon pecked Talia's lips once, twice, and then he hummed in satisfaction when she responded to his kisses.

Her arms snaked around his neck and her fingers disappeared into his hair as she leaned into the kiss that was getting more heated by the second.

His kitten was getting comfortable with the intimacy between them, and he loved it. He loved her. Every part of Talia was perfect.

His hand slid lower from Talia's waist, and he gave her ass a squeeze.

Talia moaned into his mouth and his cock lurched in response.

'Fuck!', Damon cursed silently. He was not sure if it's because he was falling for Talia more by the day, or because their bond strengthened, but his body was reacting to Talia at an unimaginable rate, and he didn't know for how long he can control his urges to devour her completely.

Yes, he is an Alpha with a high libido, but he was never so hard by only smelling or touching a clothed woman. Sure, a good kiss can get him going, but only halfway.

However, Talia is different.

She was driving him crazy, and he was aware that it's only a matter of time before he snaps and has his way with her.

The scent of her arousal only made things worse, and Damon knew that even though Talia doesn't know they are mates, her body knows. There is no other explanation why a shy and inexperienced girl like Talia opens up completely the moment he touches her.

The fact that she was responding to him with more intensity every time, gave Damon hope that her wolf is about to wake up. He really wanted her to feel the delightful sparks that make him feel alive. Soon.

When he was close to reaching his limit, Damon broke the kissing frenzy and leaned his forehead on her shoulder.

Both of them were breathing heavily and Talia held onto him firmly because she was dizzy and this time she really feared that she will fall down on her butt.

"Damon?"

"Hmm?"

"Are you sure that I should accompany you to that party?"

Damon lifted his head to look at her. "Do you want me to go with someone else?"

Talia's eyes flashed in dejection. She wanted to point out how she might embarrass him, and not that he should pick someone else.

Talia knew that Damon has many she-wolves ready to accompany him, but did he need to flaunt that fact? They were kissing until a minute ago, and she was still sitting in his lap!

Damon kissed her chin. "Don't worry, kitten." He kissed her nose. "The only woman I want by my side is you." He kissed her chin again. "So... yes, I am sure that I want to go with you. Only you. Do you know why?"

"Why?", she breathed.

"Because you are mine and I am yours. Only yours."

The unknown emotions swelled within Talia at the same time when Damon's lips pressed against hers, and she was back to fisting his hair as another kissing frenzy began.

Chapter 138 - An Unexpected Phone Call [Bonus]

A phone call interrupted Damon's and Talia's make-out session.

Damon groaned in frustration. Who is calling this early? It's not even time for breakfast!

"Answer it, kitten.", Damon spoke into her lips before giving her another quick kiss.

"Me?", Talia breathed while blinking herself into reality.

"You are my assistant, so..." Damon pointed with his chin toward the phone that was on his desk.

Talia wanted to stand up, but Damon's hold around her waist intensified, silently telling her to get that call from his lap.

She gave up on fighting the stubborn Alpha and reached for the phone. As long as his hands behave, she can talk normally, and to be honest, she liked this proximity.

Her hand halted an inch away from the phone.

"What should I say?"

Damon chuckled. She was adorable. "How about... hello, this is Alpha Damon's office."

Talia shot him a glare. Why is he making fun of her? It's her first time answering the phone. Ever!

Actually, only once she spoke on the phone, and that was with Doctor Travis. At that time Talia used Stephanie's phone, and Cassie accused her of stealing and slapped her. Talia didn't want to think about that incident.

She cleared her throat and picked up the call.

"Hello..." Talia squeaked. She exhaled sharply and continued normally. "This is Alpha Damon's office."

"Who are you?", male voice asked in confusion.

"Uhm...", Talia stuttered. Should she say her name? Why would that matter?

"My assistant.", Damon said in a low voice. Even without his Alpha hearing, Damon could hear what the other person was saying because Talia was sitting on his lap.

"I'm Alpha Damon's assistant.", Talia said awkwardly.

"I see...", the man said, his voice much more composed now. "I want to speak with Alpha Damon."

"Ask who is it.", Damon said to Talia.

"Who is this?"

"Alpha Edward."

Talia felt the air in the room suddenly becoming thin as images from her life before coming to the Dark Howlers pack flashed in front of her eyes. She spent nineteen years in the Red Moon pack, and she doesn't remember a single instance of talking to the man everyone addressed as their Alpha, yet now he was right there, on the other side of the line.

What if he recognizes her? What if he already knows? What if he wants to take her away or cause trouble for Damon?

"Alpha Edward?", Talia repeated robotically.

"Yes.", he said sternly. "Alpha Edward. Alpha of the Red Moon pack."

Talia was not sure at what point Damon took the phone away from her.

Damon didn't want to talk to this guy. Why was he calling?

Damon was looking at the phone with a sour expression. He would rather talk to Alpha Edward without Talia overhearing, but she was obviously frightened and if he sent her away, who knows what would she imagine?

Damon pulled Talia to lean on him and he gently rubbed her back while talking to the phone. "Alpha Damon speaking."

"Good morning, Alpha Damon!", Marcy's father greeted cheerfully. "I didn't know you have an assistant."

"I do. She is still new, so forgive her if she offended you in any way."

"If you need an assistant, you should hire someone capable and experienced. My Marcy..."

"Thank you for your concern.", Damon cut him off. He really didn't want to talk about Marcy. "My girl is a fast learner. How can I help you? I assume it's something important since you are calling at this hour."

"I apologize, I didn't realize it's this early. I wanted to remind you that my Marcy will come to visit you one week from now. I hope you will welcome her properly."

Damon groaned in frustration as Talia's insecurities washed over him.

He knew that Talia heard that. How is he going to explain this? Talia was making wonderful progress and if she shuts down again, Damon will blow a fuse.

The truth is that the moment Maya told Damon how Marcy will not come for another nine days (and that was two days ago), Damon pushed the issue of his engagement-to-be (which is not happening) at the back of his mind.

"Marcy will get the welcome she deserves.", Damon said stiffly to Alpha Edward.

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Damon wanted to end the call with Alpha Edward quickly so that he can reassure Talia everything will be OK.

"Is there anything else?", Damon asked.

"There is one more thing...", Alpha Edward made a dramatic pause. "There are photos of you and another woman circulating."

Damon didn't get it. "Another woman?" Which one? He was with so many of them.

"Yes. A woman with whom you attended the Summer Solstice festival."

Damon glanced at Talia. This was obviously about her. "So?"

Alpha Edward's temper was rising. "Do I need to remind you that my daughter will come to your pack so that you can finalize engagement?"

The hand that rubbed Talia's back stopped moving, and Damon asked icily, "What are you trying to say, Alpha Edward?"

"No one can stop you from seeing any woman you want, but in order to save my daughter's face, you could be more discrete about it. This is advice from a concerned parent."

Damon snorted. "Thank you for calling to give me parental advice. I might not have parents, but I can see the situation clearly. Since we are already talking, I want to use this opportunity to remind you that I am not engaged to your daughter and that we are not even dating, hence, I don't owe her or you anything. If she spread rumors that there is anything going on between us and she is offended by the fact that I'm seeing someone else, that's her problem."

Alpha Edward's insides were boiling from anger. "What do you mean, you don't owe her anything?"

"Exactly what you heard, Alpha Edward. Marcy plans to come here in one week. If she comes, at that time we will discuss how we will proceed from there. Until then, if she thinks that we are in a relationship, I suggest that she joins all other girls who are sharing similar delusions. We might be apart, but I am watching her. A Luna should act like Luna all the time, regardless of her company. I hope you will keep that in mind."

Alpha Edward took a few deep breaths to calm down. He remembered Marcy's words. This is Damon doing his thing before he gets committed to his Luna. Actually, if the Luna in question is not Marcy, Alpha Edward wouldn't care about Damon seeing other women.

'One week. One week.', Alpha Edward chanted silently. He stabilized his mood and asked, "Will you attend the Luna announcing ceremony at the Lightclaw pack in two days?"

"Yes. How about you?"

"Of course.", Alpha Edward said. "I was thinking about bringing Marcy so that you can..."

"Thank you, Alpha Edward.", Damon cut him off. "I have a date."

"What? Who?"

"You will find out in time. I hope you won't embarrass me or my date by causing a scene because the fact is that there is nothing between me and your daughter. If Marcy's only agenda is to be with me, I suggest she sits out this event because I won't be available to entertain her. Is there anything else?"

Alpha Edward ended the call after mumbling a goodbye.

Damon kept the phone on the table and cradled Talia in his arms.

He buried his face in the crook of her neck and inhaled deeply her citrusy sweet scent of freesia. He needed to calm down, and the fact that Talia was hugging him with her head on his shoulder, helped.

Damon thought about this party as an opportunity for Talia to get a glimpse of the circle, and he totally forgot about Marcy and her greedy father.

With this phone call, Damon realized that Elders will also be present as well as his enemies, and that will be another challenge to face.

But Damon still wanted to go with Talia because no one else will do, and if he goes without Talia, it will cause cracks in their fragile relationship.

Damon's priority above all was to gain Talia's trust, and for that, he needed to show her that he will always be by her side, regardless of the setting. He was ready to fight against anyone who comes for them with bad intentions, but he wanted to know that she won't run away.

Talia was his other half, an essential part of him, and if anyone dared to take her away or harm her, Damon was ready to start a war because nothing made sense without Talia in his life, and only with her he was at peace.

Sooner or later, Talia's existence will be revealed and even though Damon hoped to give her as much time as possible until she finds out they are mates, he knew that the time is running out.

If he can't have Talia as his Luna, he won't need the pack either.

Talia clung onto Damon without a word spoken.

She heard every word from that phone call.

Talia was relieved that this was not about her (other than the mentioning of a mysterious girl from the festival), but the news that the Alpha family from the Red Moon pack will attend the party where she will go with Damon, and Marcy coming here in one week, caused Talia emotional turmoil.

Talia was trying to think about this and calm down, but her mind was a mess and the only things preventing her from getting lost in panic were Damon's firm embrace and his soothing scent of the forest and the dark chocolate.

Chapter 139 - Getting Ready For Training

In Damon's study...

Talia was sitting in Damon's lap and his arms were firmly around her.

They were both thinking about Damon's talk with Alpha Edward and how it impacts them.

"Kitten...", Damon broke the silence. "Are you alright?"

Damon was aware she was a nervous wreck, but he had to start the conversation somehow.

Instead of answering his question, Talia asked, "What if Marcy comes to the event?"

"I don't think she will, but if she does, I won't let her touch you. Do you trust me?"

Talia exhaled a shaky breath. "Yes." She really did, but... "What if she recognizes me and it causes issues to you or the pack?"

"I don't think she will recognize you. You look nothing how you did when you were at the Red Moon pack.", Damon said honestly. "But on an off chance she figures out your identity, let me handle it. And one more thing..." Damon paused. "Marcy is planning to come here in one week. I want you to know that I have no plans of making her my Luna and we are working on creating a case so that she doesn't come here at all."

Talia heard what Damon and Alpha Edward said, and she assumed that Damon will avoid mentioning Marcy's visit.

Damon bringing up this topic openly was unexpected, in a good way. It made Talia feel like they are a team. She liked that.

"You don't need to explain. I know."

Damon was surprised. "You know?"

Talia picked up bits and pieces from Damon, Caden, Maya, Stephanie, and several others, how there are women who are trying to win Damon's favor and become his Luna by using their charms and connections, and that Marcy belongs to that group. Talia didn't know the details, but she was aware how those girls have impressive backgrounds, and that Damon can't reject them rashly without causing unimaginable chain reactions.

Talia clearly remembered his words, "You said that Marcy won't be your Luna in this life or any next one. I believe you, Damon."

Damon smiled. He said that in the attic of the packhouse at the Red Moon pack, shortly before he asked Talia to come with him.

Damon nudged her cheek with his chin, and Talia lifted her head. She met Damon's icy-blue eyes which stared at her in awe.

"Thank you for remembering that.", Damon said. "And thank you for your trust."

"More than remembering your words, I am watching your actions. As long as you don't give me a reason to doubt you, I will not leave."

"And if you doubt me, you will give me a chance to clear up the misunderstanding. Right?", Damon reminded her. That was the deal they made.

"IF it's a misunderstanding."

Damon frowned and pinched her nose. "If you doubt my sincerity, it's a misunderstanding."

"How can you be so certain?"

"Because only you get to call yourself Mrs. Blake. Now give me more kisses because I still didn't have my fill for the morning..." He puckered his lips.

Talia rolled her eyes. Damon was back to being playful.

"Isn't it time for breakfast?", Talia asked.

"Not yet. Steph will mind-link me when it's ready. Until then..."

Instead of finishing his thought, Damon's hand landed at the back of Talia's head, pulling her closer and he was delighted that Talia returned his kisses with equal fervor after a moment of hesitation.

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Caden was ready to depart after breakfast.

He was driving to the Blue River pack with two warriors accompanying him, and Talia and Damon stood at the door of the packhouse and watched as Caden and Maya hugged and kissed like Caden was going on a suicidal mission to save humanity.

Damon had a strange mix of iciness in his eyes a smirk at the edge of his lips which showed how he loved and hated the scene at the same time.

Damon loved that Maya was already getting a taste of her own medicine. She was feeling desperation at the thought that Caden will be out of her reach.

And Damon hated that it reminded him of his rage when he saw Talia with that drunkard in the Shifters nightclub, and the excruciating pain that pulled Damon out of the meeting with Alphas which ended only when he found Talia with Keith next to the lake, and his helplessness as he watched Talia on the playfield with all those sweaty soccer players around her. None of those would happen if Maya didn't meddle.

Talia couldn't look at Caden and Maya making out like there is no tomorrow, so she decided to ask Damon, "What's next?"

Damon knew that this was his adorable assistant Talia asking. "I will go through emails that you so well organized, and you can use that time to read the book Travis gave you. Once I have something for you to do, I will let you know."

Talia's face lit up. It seems that this assistant work is easier than she thought it will be. Other than a boatload of kisses before breakfast, she even got time to read the book. But there was one more thing... "I have training with Keith later."

Damon smiled mysteriously. "Coach Keith sent me your schedule. Don't worry, you won't miss your training."

Talia nodded happily. In this way, she will not skip anything she wants to do. Other than cooking. But she can spend some time in the kitchen on the weekends when Damon is taking it easy with work. Perfect.

If she ignored the sad parting between Caden and Maya and the nerve-wracking call from Alpha Edward, this day had a promise of being overall awesome.

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Just as Damon promised, Talia got nearly two hours of studying when he called her with, "It's time for your training."

Damon led the way up to the third floor and Talia paused at the sight of Damon's huge walk-in closet.

What the...?

"Change into clothes for exercise.", Damon said while removing Talia's blazer. And it's not that he just removed it, but he also kept it neatly on the hanger and then he moved to the right side of the closet and started unbuttoning his shirt.

Talia was too confused by the situation to notice Damon undressing right next to her.

She stood in the middle of a massive closet that was bigger than the room where she spent years, in the attic of the packhouse at the Red Moon pack. Dark brown shelves lined the walls and there were bars for hangers with clothes, drawers, and even narrow shelves for shoes. In the middle was a massive standalone mirror and a long leather bench, but the most shocking out of all that was that the left side of the closet had her clothes.

When did that happen?

"Why are my clothes here?", Talia asked while opening the drawer only to see her underwear, neatly folded, with matching bras and panties together.

Damon chuckled. "You said that this can't be our room while your things are across the hallway, so..."

Talia's mind stuttered.

At that time, she was confident that Damon was teasing her, but this... Wait! What if he is still teasing her but his idea of a joke is much more elaborate than her imagination could stretch?

Talia jolted out of her thoughts when she felt Damon's heat on her back.

His arms were already around her waist, keeping her in place.

"I told you, kitten, I won't lie.", his words splashed on her ear. "I never lied to you and the only thing I expect from you is to give me enough time to prove that."

Talia's hair was lifted into a high bun, exposing her neck, and Damon couldn't resist the temptation to kiss her right there.

Talia's body shook when she felt his lips at the base of her neck, and his teeth grazing her skin sent electric bolts through her body that shot straight to her core.

Damon groaned when the scent of her arousal reached him.

"Damn it, kitten. At this rate, you won't get to do any training."

That didn't mean she wouldn't exercise, but the exercise he wanted was without clothes, just the two of them, merged into one.

Talia let out a shaky breath when his lips latched onto her neck, and his hands caressed her body, disheveling her clothes further with each stroke.

This was so inappropriate, yet she couldn't stop leaning into him, wanting more.

"Damon...", she called breathily when she felt him lifting her skirt. "This... Training... We shouldn't... Ah..." Her words ended with a moan when he bit her ear while growling lowly.

Her mind was a mess, and she moved her arms backward to hold onto him, only to realize that he was not wearing any shirt. She wanted to turn and hug him, but he didn't allow her to move.

"Stay still, kitten...", he breathed heavily.

Damon wanted to touch her everywhere, but he was also aware that he was reaching his limit. It was an internal struggle of wanting more and keeping in mind that he should take it slow.

But how on Earth was he supposed to take things slow when his mate was releasing all those sweet moans and letting him do as he pleases? And it was more than just letting him have his way, she was responding to him wonderfully.

Damon was painfully aware that the little woman in his arms is his to mold and if he gives in to his urges to devour her, he might break her and ruin the progress he made so far.

Chapter 140 - Getting Ready For Training (cont.)

Damon sat on the leather bench with Talia on his lap, facing away from him.

Her skirt was bunched around her waist and most of the buttons of her shirt were undone.

Their current position allowed Talia to see Damon's legs between hers, and she realized that he changed clothes and was now wearing only black training shorts. Damon spread his legs, forcing hers to open widely.

Talia wanted to lean forward, but Damon bit her neck, forcing her to stay on him. He didn't pierce her skin, but the sharp pain radiated through her body, each pulse morphed in pleasure and Talia gasped.

His every move made her body hum and come alive like never before.

Talia felt like she is close to falling apart, yet she didn't want him to stop.

"Oh, God...", she called breathily when he pinched her nipple without removing her bra.

His other hand quickly made its way between her legs, and he rubbed her down there over her drenched panties. The wretched fabric was in the way, and he pushed it on the side.

His fingers trembled at the initial contact with Talia's hot and sleek flesh as electrifying sparks shoot up his arm and his cock lurched painfully in response.

"Fuck!", Damon cursed under his breath. This mate bond will make him die from arousal!

He pushed her bra up and his hand got unobstructed access to her breasts.

Talia's mind was a mess as Damon invaded her body in the most delicious ways possible.

His mouth was moving over her exposed neck and shoulder; kissing, licking, sucking, biting... his left hand was on her breasts, taking them in turns and caressing, kneading, twisting, pinching... and his right hand was at the cradle of her thighs; gliding, pressing, teasing, flicking... Every part of Damon's body moved in sync, making Talia give up on reasoning and any thoughts of propriety.

Talia moaned wantonly between gasps for air, and she was not sure what to do with her hands. She lifted them up, searching for Damon's head until she laced her fingers into his hair.

"Ah...", she let out a lewd sound when his finger slipped inside her tight entrance and her hips started moving on an instinct, responding to his touch and asking for more.

Damon groaned when he felt her bottom rubbing against him. He was throbbing hard and situated between her buttocks that applied rhythmical pressure which came with electrical sparks.

He couldn't believe this. Is he going to come just from this light friction her ass provided? It will be uncomfortable if he releases his load inside the shorts, but he didn't have time to think about this because he had to focus on Talia.

Damon decided to make her touch heaven and he will take a cold shower later or help himself because he didn't want to freak her out.

He really wanted to hear Talia call his name.

"Say my name, kitten...", he growled into her ear, and even with all the stimulation he provided, those words gave her goosebumps.

"Da... Damon...", Talia breathed, and Damon hummed in approval. It sounded more erotic than he thought it will.

"Again!", he demanded.

Talia opened her mouth, but only a moan came as the electrical charges in her body reached the critical point.

She moved with less restraint, asking for more. Faster, harder, more Damon.

"Ah... ah...", she gasped and made some unintelligible sounds as her body started trembling and she leaned on Damon backward completely.

She was absolutely at his mercy and somehow she didn't mind that, not even a little bit.

"Damon...", Talia's breath was choppy, and he groaned in response while increasing the speed of his finger that thrust inside her and he pressed harder on her clit with the base of his palm.

"Damon... Damon...", she chanted like a prayer, her voice mixed with the squelching that his hand created as his finger moved in and out of Talia.

She was hot and wet and welcoming and Damon really wanted to yank his shorts down and use his cock in place of his middle finger.

Yes, she was tight, but all those juices will provide good lubrication. Just the thought of burying himself deep inside her made him nearly lose his mind.

No. It's too early. She is not ready.

But maybe... just a little bit.

Damon curled his finger, touching some secret spot that made Talia's stomach tense for an endless moment before she exploded in ecstasy.

"Ah... Ugh... Oh... Damon...", she breathed.

"Fuck, Talia!" Damon was a mess himself.

Her insides pulsed around his finger, squeezing him tightly, and he could literally feel her orgasm washing over him and he thrust his hips, grinding himself between her buttocks, knowing that his release is just around the corner.

Sensing that this won't be enough, Damon pushed Talia to bend forward, and he reached into his shorts with the same hand that was drenched in Talia's juices and started pumping.

In a few seconds, Damon groaned while shooting his load on Talia's shirt that was draped loosely over her back.

Damon couldn't believe it. He really came just like that. Even as an inexperienced teen he needed more stimulation than this.

It's a good thing that he didn't give in to the temptation of using his cock instead of his finger, otherwise he would embarrass himself.

What if Talia thinks that he suffers from premature ejaculation?

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Damon looked at Talia's shirt that was now ruined.

The good thing was that he won't need a cold shower. The bad thing was that he had no idea how to explain what happened to her shirt. He knew that she was inexperienced, but he was not sure how much.

"Are you OK?"

Talia's question caught him by surprise.

He was sitting stiffly behind her in silence, and she got worried. Did she do something wrong?

Talia realized that this was the second time he did something like this to her, and it was fantastic. Was he expecting that she touches him in return? She wouldn't know from where to start.

She was still facing away from him, sitting on his thighs, and he quickly tucked his erection back into his shorts. Yes, he released some of the built-up pressure, but he was still hard and ready. It seems that with Talia, it's never enough.

Damon cleared his throat before responding. "Yeah. I'm fine..." Better than fine. "But your shirt is messed up."

Talia was not sure why her shirt would be messed up and she didn't feel like asking. Her mind was still floating in the aftermath of her orgasm and she was incapable of complex thoughts.

When Talia didn't say anything, he spoke again. "Let me help you remove it. Don't worry, I will get you another one."

After tossing Talia's shirt on the side, Damon pulled Talia to lean on him.

"How are you doing?", he asked.

Talia let out a long exhale while assessing her shaky legs. "Can you tell Keith that I already exercised? I don't think I can go on a treadmill now."

Damon chuckled. "Rest a bit and you will be like new. I don't want you to miss your training."

Damon had no intention of telling her that he removed Keith from the position of Talia's personal trainer. She will find out about it eventually.

Talia pulled her bra back into the original position, to cover her breasts, and Damon helped her move so that she can lean on him sideways.

It took her a moment to realize that she was relaxing on top of Damon, wearing only underwear (the skirt bunched around her waist didn't count for much), and she didn't hate it. She was leaning against his bare chest, his solid arms were around her, his breath seeped into her hair, just above her ear... and it felt natural.

The only uncomfortable thing was her wet panties, but she didn't complain about that because she wanted to enjoy this silent intimacy for a bit longer.